

Battered Chinese Lines Holding Against Japs' Fercious Second Day Thrust

War-Stricken Shanghai in Panic as Civilians Rush About and Flames Add to Terror

INVADER IN NEW ATTACK BY LAND, AIR

Shanghai Seems to Topple Under Tremendous Thunder of Great Guns
WHOLE AREAS IN RUIN
Bombs Set Hundreds of Fires; Japanese General Twice Flees Shot

Continued From First Page

east of Shanghai, another movement was begun by the Japanese trying to capture Kiangwan. Rifle and machine gun fire along the western flank was punctuated by big gun flashes and explosions which lit up the whole horizon from Chapel to Kiangwan where fires from yesterday's battle still glowed in the sky.

The Japanese were attempting to encircle the entire Chinese front, attacking with tanks, heavy guns and infantry in the Kiangwan center sector and with the large scale bombardment on Chapel while naval guns shelled Woonung on the extreme east. Today there seemed scant possibility that the Chinese defenders could hold out much longer.

A Japanese tank advanced toward the north station from the Japanese line near Ning Homan road to protect the building of several forward Japanese machine gun nests.

TANK MUST RETREAT

The tank was bombed and machine gunned by the Chinese until it was forced to turn back in retreat behind the Japanese line.

Casualties on both sides were reported unusually heavy despite reports that the Japanese had suffered only four killed and 17 wounded. Twenty Japanese wounded were seen in one emergency hospital. The Chinese refused to estimate their casualties.

A blanket of mist and mystery dotted by the redish glare of the burning villages and the peasant huts which covered a full moon at midnight covered the battlefield of the first day of the Japanese attack. The Chinese were reported to have been unsuccessful in their attack on the Japanese line.

Big guns growled and rumbled intermittently as the new day began, as correspondents made their tour of the front lines and of Chinese and Japanese headquarters. Gen. Tai Tingkai's staff was jubilant over the firm stand of their army while later, Gen. Kenichirō Uyeda planned for a second day's land, sea and air offensive.

It was certain after a full day's battle Gen. Uyeda's troops did not show the punch and elan of the Japanese at Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese war.

CAN'T HOLD POSITIONS

From morning till dark Gen. Uyeda's center pushed back the Chinese only short distances in a sector three to four miles wide. They captured Kiangwan, they claimed, but later were forced to defend the burning town from three sides and retreated as the Chinese captured the village in a counter attack fired in its power.

The general expectation that the vastly superior and better equipped Japanese troops would quickly roll back the Chinese forces was not realized.

With great artillery bombing and six flights of ten and twelve bombers unleashing hundreds of 200-pound aerial torpedoes on the Chinese lines, the Japanese thrusts began and ended over the front with scant success.

At midnight Gen. Wu Te-Chen, mayor of Shanghai, told the Chinese are still holding Kiangwan.



JAPANESE troops firmly entrenched behind these sandbags (left) stand guard as the Odessa theater in Shanghai burns to the ground and the people of the city realize that no longer is anything safe.

Japs Follow Dragons to War

Shanghai, Feb. 21 (AP)

A FLEET of Japanese tanks, called "Crawling Dragons" by the Chinese, followed by Japanese soldiers, went into action under a heavy smoke screen at Kiangwan today.

Chinese said three of the tanks had been badly damaged by Chinese mines near the Kiangwan race course, but this was denied by the Japanese.

The Chinese also said that two Japanese bombers were shot down near the walled town of Poshan, but the Japanese refused to confirm or deny both the tank losses.

The railway from Kiangwan creek to the western side of Woonung Creek is in the hands of the Japanese. Although this does not wholly isolate the Chinese defenders of Woonung, it makes Chinese communications difficult and roundabout.

The Woonung forts were heavily hammered and the village virtually destroyed by aerial bombardment from the guns of Japanese destroyers which passed and retreated only a few hundred yards from shore.

U. S. LINKS THERE

The presence of the American dollar here President Lincoln had a spectacular view of the bombardment with Japanese destroyers at her bow and stern firing mortars at the forts. The Chinese claimed that the guns of Japanese destroyers, damaged but not sinking, were still firing.

The ruthless destruction practiced by the Japanese in the native town reminded me of Pearl Harbor, Von Hindenburg's retreat from his

defensive, sooner or later, the Japanese must succeed in driving him back. Gen. Tai has nothing to oppose the large number of Japanese planes, an artillery to speak of, except the Japanese and only armored cars to oppose the Japanese dash scattering tanks.

The Japanese persisted to advance toward the North Station which the Chinese were reported to have mined.

Should the North Station explode, it is likely that the whole sector held by the American 34th regiment would be devastated.

Eight heavy guns, 16 light guns and a large quantity of ammunition were moved from the Dirwell road base of the Japanese artillery to reinforce the attackers, while Gen. Uyeda was forced to move his headquarters to avert its being blown up by the Chinese shelling.

While Gen. Uyeda and his staff moved to the Kiangwan cotton mills following house to house and ditch to ditch fighting behind the Kiangwan race course, the Japanese airplanes were bombing extensively to the rear of the Chinese trenches.

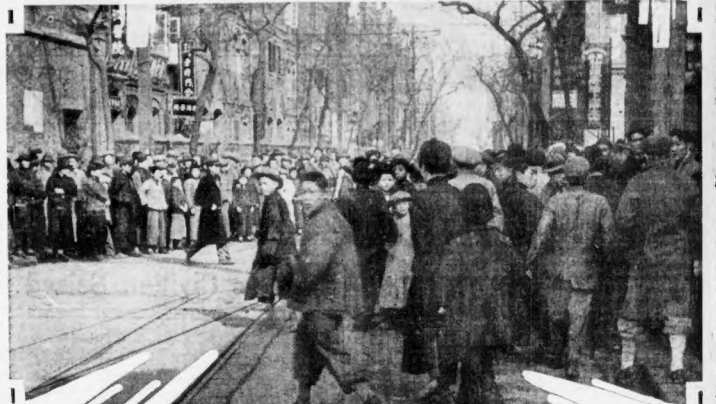
From the rain of high explosives from the Japanese 4-inch guns could not shake the Chinese in Kiangwan throughout the first day.

SHELLS IN BRITISH ZONE

Four Chinese were wounded when the Japanese shelled a mill in the Robinson road area. The shells were "over" intended for Chapel.

Four shells landed in the British sector of the settlement, but they were "over" intended for Chapel.

The three-week Japanese paralysis which has gripped Shanghai since the first Japanese advance, is threatening the gravest financial crisis in the national government, which is largely dependent on China's richest city for national revenue.



SOME of the thousands of Chinese civilians, caught in the tide of the Japanese invasion as they thronged the streets of the Chapel district where Japanese marines were patrolling. Prisoners accused of sniping were taken in huge motor trucks.

GIBBONS SEES BIG JAP RUSH BLOCKED

Continued From First Page

cherry for the Chinese army, no matter how short lived its hasty defense turns out to be.

Why, you know, I believe yesterday's bombardment by heavy artillery and naval guns must have cost the Japanese in the neighborhood of a million yen.

The grunt and grumble of those bursting explosives kept on all day long and even this morning the guns are still at it.

RETRACT CAPTURE

The Japanese seem officially announced the capture of Kiangwan at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Later the said:

"Surely a mistake, but we'll be in the village by 3 o'clock sharp in the afternoon."

But again the Japanese failed to keep the date, although the Chinese were still there waiting and they were still there around 5 o'clock last night when I returned from the Japanese line, although there is a strong probability they will do so this morning.

DEFENSE SILENCED

The Japanese fleet yesterday afternoon issued the following communiqué:

"Woonung: "Reaching at 8.30 a. m., the destroyer Yubari and others of the first torpedo boat flotilla bombarded the Chinese defenses along Woonung creek and on land until noon."

"In the afternoon airplanes from the carrier Nakatsubo bombed the positions. As a result the Chinese defense lines were silenced. Japanese casualties were 10 wounded."

"The Chapel line of defense, assigned to naval landing party forces, reaches three miles, running north and south. The naval forces are now reinforced by military units."

"The Japanese began firing about 8 a. m. and by 1 p. m. this section of the Chinese force began a retreat. Japanese casualties numbered 21 killed."

TOURISTS THIRLED

During the height of yesterday's naval bombardment of the Woonung sector American tourists and women and children outward bound aboard the steamship Pres-

Fishermen Net and Slay Japs

Shanghai, Feb. 21 (INS)

CHINESE native language newspapers could each other today in their "believe it or not" tale of Chinese courage and triumph.

One publication said: "A band of gallant fishermen, demanding arms to join in the Kiangwan battle."

The communique refused, as the fishermen took their fishing nets and cautiously approached a group of Japanese soldiers. They threw the nets over their heads and killed the enemy dead."

ing, but the Japanese had as yet been unable to advance their lines and occupy them, although there is a strong probability they will do so this morning.

VILLAGE MOWED DOWN

Woonung village showed hardly a single house intact. Smoke from burning buildings added to the smotherness of this distressing farwell picture the tourists carried away from China.

Four Japanese destroyers engaged up and down the river shelling the forts and Chinese land positions. The countryside rocked with the detonation.

Fire broke out in the forts while a column of smoke a half mile wide rose into the air from buildings burning to the west of Woonung.

Naval shells dropped from the Yangtze and lower Whangpoo across a narrow strip of land into the walled city of Poshan while to the left of Woonung village came the sound of intensive machine gun fire, indicating that Gen. Uyeda's forces were endeavoring to remove danger on his right flank.

CARRY SCALING LADDERS

At 1 p. m. all the Japanese forces in the Whangpoo railway yards were rushed under Capt. Kila in Woonung Creek. At the same time fresh troops arrived in trucks from the International Settlement.

The Japanese were equipped with bamboo scaling ladders whose crews were already hoisted in place with rope. The reinforcements likewise brought long slabs of cork on which the ladders appeared to be intended to carry the Japanese across the creek and into the Woonung forts.

REVOLTS MENACE NEW ANKUO RULER

By EDWARD H. HUNTER

(Copyright, 1932, by International News Service)

Mukden, Feb. 21 (Sunday)—(INS)—Widespread uprising threatened the throne of Henry Pu-Yi, Japanese-dominated Emperor of the independent state of "Ankuo" and sent Gen. Ma Chuan-Shan, former Japanese enemy, against Chinese bandits.

Hostilities have broken out along the Kirin-Tungkuo railroad, where rebel forces have risen against the new regime. Japanese troops and planes were rushed to the region to suppress the outbreak. Six stations along the Hsiao-Ping-Kuan railway, headquarters of the Chinese eastern railway have been attacked by bandits.

Charges Japs Use Dum Dums

Shanghai, Feb. 21 (Sunday, 2:45 a. m.)—(INS)—A communique charging that Japanese soldiers had used dum-dum bullets in violation of the international code of warfare was issued by Mayor Wu Te-Chen of Shanghai early today.

The mayor announced that newspaper correspondence would be invited to inspect evidence substantiating the charge as soon as it has been prepared.

Mayor Wu's communique, obviously intended for foreign consumption, contained an account of the mercy shown by Chinese soldiers to a wounded Japanese.

Shanghai, Feb. 21 (Sunday) (AP)

—Night club habitués came out on Shanghai's crowded cabarets early this morning to the tune of cannonading in the northern front. Lightening flashes from the artillery on the battlefield added zest to the homeward journey of the bon vivants.

Shanghai, Feb. 21 (Sunday, 2:45 a. m.)—(INS)—Japanese troops have made a gain of one mile westward in the Kiangwan area as a result of their 18-hour offensive against the Chinese, observers reported early today.

Talkie Cameramen Faced Death to Get These Intimate Scenes of the Devastated Shanghai War Zone



JAP SOLDIERS patrolling the streets of Shanghai in the vicinity of the International Settlement on the lookout for Chinese snipers and stragglers. The photo gives a good idea of the uniforms worn by the Nipponese fighters.

JAPANESE MARINE advancing upon a Chinese position in the battle zone of Shanghai. The marines have figured prominently in all of the recent actions of the advance.

SANDBAG defences in operation, showing how both sides at Shanghai, instead of "digging in," as during the World War, shelled the trenches behind bulwark breastworks. The photo gives a glimpse of a Jap patrol guarding a railroad against enemy wrecking crews.

Jap-Rebuffed U. S. Peace Move Folds Wings to Await Rift in War Clouds

WASHINGTON STREET BY STREET IN EAST

China's Appeal for America's Help to Halt Invaders Goes Unanswered

JAP BLAME INCREASES
Nippon's Leaders Still Declare
Empire Merely Protecting
Its National Interests

Washington, Feb. 20 (AP)—The State Department has not as yet replied in trying to bring peace in Shanghai that it has abandoned active overtures pending a more favorable opportunity for the extension of good offices.

China's appeal yesterday to the department for another effort on the part of the United States military aggression has been unanswered, but Secretary Stimson has it under consideration.

Nathan Johnson, the American minister to China and the French, British and Italian ministers to China made a first attempt at conciliation Friday morning in the capital of the Japanese ultimatum.

They called on the Japanese minister at Shanghai and were assured by him that "matters now rest with the Chinese authorities."

Johnson advised the state department today that he has been assured that Japan was merely trying to protect Japanese interests and the foreign settlement.

An appeal was also made to Gen. Ting-Kai, Chinese commander-in-chief at Shanghai by Capt. William May, the American, British, French and Italian army officers.

The foreign officers asked the Chinese general to protect the foreign settlement against military fire.

The general replied that shells falling in that section were a response to Japanese artillery fire.

He said he would not fire in that direction again if assured that the Japanese artillery is in position in the settlement area.

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Jap Marines Tell It to Prisoner



JAPANESE MARINES in their advance on North Station, one of the hotly contested objectives of the Shanghai war, are here shown handling a captured Chinese soldier. The prisoner is obviously not delighted at the prospect of being escorted to the rear and is putting up a small personal revolt of his own.

Armament Vital to Nation Declares Lt. Gen. Bullard

This is the second of two articles by Gen. Bullard on the perils of pacifism and internationalism. The first article appeared in last Sunday's Boston Sunday Advertiser.

By LIEUT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD (RETIRED)
Commander Second American Army in France; President National Security League

AN ELEMENTAL FALLACY occurs through the confusion of disarmament, or reduction of armaments, with world peace, as if one produced the other, or as if they are somehow identical.

The pressure upon Congress to intensify by a majority of "popular opinion" in a fashion which implies that all women, all religious bodies, all welfare societies and all social service stand united in the belief that we must be ourselves more defenseless, and so presumably more peaceful.

It is not, of course, true that all these elements of our population believe that defenselessness brings security.

I am reminded that I once had a curiously striking object lesson in the relation of arms to security in standards of life and to civilization.

I was serving in the Philippines. Before my eyes daily was a living panorama which might have been described as "The Ascent of Man."

There were monkeys in the trees, having for defense only their hands; the Manobo had been driven also to live in the trees, their only defense being their spears and spears of the Moro, who have themselves, before the Tagals, who have obsolete Spanish arms and, finally, at the top was the American, with modern arms.

Throughout all this ascent, the state of well-being, of advancement and of culture was in direct proportion to the status of armaments.

It seemed to me then that the monkey which in the struggle for life had found arms enough to use and use a club, had developed into man; the others remained monkeys.

Looking over the world as I have known it first-hand and studied it constantly during 40 years as a soldier, it seems to me clear enough that the countries in which life is most worth living are precisely those which have relied on armaments to protect their growth and development.

This is the kind of disarmament that pacified our Indians.

Some the Allied force in disarming Germany.

There is no doubt but that in the chancelleries of Europe today are men who, for a similar reason, would like to see the pacifists successful in disarming the United States.

With Washington we declared unambiguously against the "taming alliance" of a Security pact and to come to the aid of France in case of war. Since that time France has been thinking of the interests of France, as the interests of France, as she sees it, is SECURITY.

It should soon be evident that...

TOKYO FLATLY REFUSED MORE TIME TO FOES

"Too Generous" Already, Jap Minister Tells Envoy of Four Powers

By JAMES R. YOUNG
International News Service
Tokyo, Feb. 21 (Sunday, 2:55 a. m.) (INS)—Japan has informed the world powers that her military authorities in Shanghai have been "too generous and too slow" in dealing with the Chinese 15th Route Army, the Foreign Office announced this morning.

This was the answer given by Mamoru Shigemitsu, Japanese minister to China, to the envoys of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy when they called upon him on Friday, suggesting that he give the Chinese forces ample time to comply with the Japanese ultimatum before launching the offensive which is now under way.

JAPAN'S FLAT REFUSAL
The foreign office statement revealed that Shigemitsu's answer constituted a flat refusal by Japan to delay carrying out the offensive.

It was the Japanese statement that the Chinese failed to withdraw (twelve and one-half miles from the International Settlement as demanded).

Shigemitsu's reply was generally believed to contain a clue as to the Japanese attitude toward the appeal of the League of Nations council of twelve in an official communiqué scheduled to be issued at noon today (11 p. m. Saturday, Feb. 20).

TO SCOLD LEAGUE
There has been considerable speculation over the probable nature of the Japanese statement.

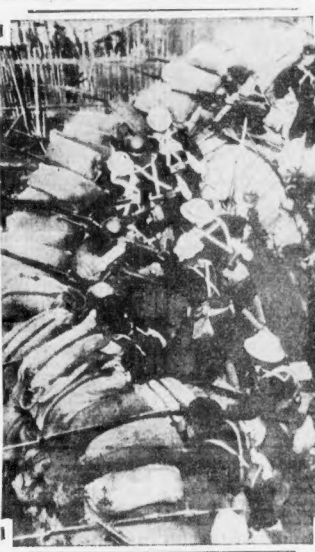
It will not be a direct reply to the appeal, as the Japanese government has refused to accept representation on the League of Nations assembly meeting which will consider the Sino-Japanese crisis.

The State Department had not received an official invitation of the league to attend the meeting and withheld comment pending its receipt.

However, it was recalled that the government had dispatched representatives on the league through the present crisis, except for the brief time that French, British and American envoys at Geneva sat with the league council last fall while Japanese violations of the Kellogg pact were being discussed.

Dr. Abel Dies at 86
Mexico City, Feb. 20 (INS)—Dr. Gregorio Mendizabal, internationally famous authority on yellow fever, died today at the age of 86.

Looks Like Real War



STREET BATTLE in Shanghai was in progress when this photo was taken. Japanese regulars in full war equipment are seen crouching behind sandbag defenses. Note their helmets. The Chinese were routed at one time by air bombers, but came back and put up a desperate fight.

Photo by Wide World

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JAP BOYCOTT PATH TO WAR, BORAH WARNS

Peace Organizations Must Well, but Fail to See Danger, He Declares

Washington, Feb. 20 (INS)—An economic boycott against Japan would provoke war with that Far Eastern empire, Sen. William B. Borah (R., of Idaho) predicted tonight in a statement deploring the action of peace organizations in urging punitive measures against that nation.

Borah declared the proclamation of a boycott could only be followed by its logical conclusion—war. He insisted the United States maintain friendly relations with both China and Japan "unless a break comes by some act of their own."

The senator described a boycott as an "injurious to our own country and a crime against our own people" because of its tendency toward war.

He did not question, of course, the good faith of those who are urging an embargo against Japan, but he certainly questioned the wisdom of their program.

He asserted, "In my opinion, the best way to advance the cause of peace is to urge the United States to destroy the last vestige of influence which the United States may have in helping to bring about an adjustment of matters in the Orient."

He said that the United States must turn the face of the American people toward another war, it is to do precisely what these peace organizations are doing in their efforts to bring about a "peace."

Hub Women Plan to Boycott Japs' Goods
Prominent Boston women have drawn up a resolution, the last issued at the meeting of the fourteenth Century Club, to boycott Japanese goods so long as Japan continues to violate the Kellogg anti-war pact and the nine-power treaty in waging its war on China.

The resolution disavowed any unfriendliness with the Japanese people.

Among the sponsors of the resolution were Mrs. Elizabeth Atherton, Dexter of Belmont, Miss Florence Loomis of Brookline, Mrs. Mary Helen Elliott of Boston, Miss Helen Shipman of Boston, and Mrs. Amelia W. Fisk of Cambridge.

Today

Continued From First Page

To consume what the farmers produce, to buy and completely use up the millions of second-hand automobiles in short order.

CONTINUE THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES IN POWER, POPULATION AND PROSPERITY.

As it is criminal crime here from Europe or any other land of bribery and so-called "immigrant bootlegging" across the borders, and they have no difficulty in getting "auto-matic" and "sawed" shot-guns after they get here.

Our laws need good people that we need, that would build up the prosperity of the United States in the future.

Keep all but criminal forces out of the country, retaining deadly weapons, and all but criminals from entering the country.

George Bernard Shaw suggested that he was a better writer than Shakespeare. The public smiled. Shakespeare could not answer.

In South Africa, Shaw took a few lessons in automobile driving, asked his teacher, how long he had driven.

"Thirty years," replied the teacher.

Shaw replied: "Then you will soon drive as well as I."

A little later, Mr. Shaw, driving along with his wife, was in a ditch, his automobile wrecked. There is such a thing as too much optimism.

Chairman Crip of the House Ways and means committee would forbid corporations doing business abroad, to deduct from taxable incomes here any tax paid in foreign countries.

Culture and Armament

There were monkeys in the trees, having for defense only their hands; the Manobo had been driven also to live in the trees, their only defense being their spears and spears of the Moro, who have themselves, before the Tagals, who have obsolete Spanish arms and, finally, at the top was the American, with modern arms.

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JAPS PROTESTING U.S. MARINES' ACT

Shanghai, Feb. 20 (AP)—The Japanese command announced today that a protest would be made to the American consulate over what was described as "an unnecessarily thorough" search made by United States marines in a cotton mill near the American patrol lines in which a number of Japanese soldiers were killed.

The purpose of the search was to find signaling apparatus which, the marines charged, the Japanese had been using despite the fact that they were in an American sector.

On the contrary, they believe that the Japanese had been using the apparatus to signal the Japanese navy.

The subject of their conversation was believed to have been connected to the American Philippine policy, although no announcement was forthcoming.

Roosevelt Lunches With Jap Emperor
Tokyo, Feb. 20 (INS)—Emperor Hirohito today entertained at luncheon Theodore Roosevelt, new Governor of the Philippine Islands on route here to assume his new duties.

The subject of their conversation was believed to have been connected to the American Philippine policy, although no announcement was forthcoming.

at Melrose Folk Safe in Shanghai Area
From ballistics Shanghai, a cable has been received by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Fuller of 31 Park Ave. at Melrose, saying their daughter and family are safe and well.

The message comes from Ernest Laffoy Healy, whose wife was formerly acting party. They have three small children, and they also have a small dog named "Buddy."

Women and children from threatened positions all had been evacuated when the battle began.

Dr. J. McCracken, University of Pennsylvania graduate and former football player, supervised removal of 100 Chinese patients from St. Luke's Hospital in ambulances to nearby hospital.

The inland Chinese mission harbored three American women teachers and missionaries, and 40 Chinese students, who were taken from areas menaced by the fighting.

Both American Consul-General John S. Cunningham and British Consul-General J. F. Brennan considered the Americans were in no danger in the part of Shanghai to which they were taken.

Two Men Nabbed in Back Bay Drug Raid
Inspector Frank Bombach and his men arrested two men in a raid in Northampton street, near a hydropneumatic machine, hidden beneath a pile of ashes.

Charles Boile, 48, and Frank Neary, 47, were arrested.

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175 High St.

Buenos Aires, Feb. 20 (AP) — HERE is the Argentine credo about the United States as summed up by Margaret Crooke de Lopes, wife of the Argentine ambassador to California and resident of Buenos Aires:

"The all American girls are lovely, beautiful and without constraint" that they rule their husbands and their country but support themselves.

"That in the United States one can get a divorce quickly, anywhere and for any reason.

"That Americans are conceited, patriotic and intolerant of criticism, but democratic and without snobbery."

"That the inhabitants talk only of business and money."

"Many an Argentine," writes Senora de Lopes in *La Nacion*, "has a general idea that the United States consists of two very important cities, New York and Hollywood, with a great blank space between them, in which rapidly moving by hostlegiers in armoured cars and handcars equipped in air airplanes."

PORTLAND BANGOR	WORCESTER MANCHESTER	RETAIL
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FRAT AND IRATE WIFE EXPLAIN 2 KIDNAPINGS

1944

Slender.... exquisite her figure



*But
her skin, Tragic!*

By Julia Foster★

Lithe, beautifully molded... a simply captivating figure. I watched her with delight. But as I drew nearer the whole illusion was ruined. What a tragedy—her skin! How I longed to tell her about a daily treatment I had learned from a famous beauty expert.

* * *

Don't ever let your skin reach the "tragic" stage. No woman has the right to do that these days. You'll be surprised what a little time and the right kind of daily care will do to keep your skin supple and youthful... free of blemishes. Here, for instance, is a two-minute treatment:

Use your hands to massage a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Work it in, gently. Then rinse away lather, dirt and oil... with warm water, followed by cool. For dry skin, you may find it advisable to use a little olive oil or a good tissue cream at night. In the morning, your regular make-up. But never, never—till after this correct foundation cleansing!

Why experts endorse Palmolive

Read the text in the panel at the right: "Beauty In a Test Tube". It tells you why 20,000 beauty experts

endorse the above treatment. Why they consider Palmolive Soap an invaluable aid in keeping skin smooth, soft and lovely.

Tired—try this pick-up bath

Shave a cake of Palmolive into 4 cups of water, heat it until the soap has completely dissolved. Then, pour this amber liquid into half a tubful of tepid water. Let this caressing bath enfold you—enrich and revive your skin. Then, massage your entire body with the lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse it off and rise, refreshed, from the most soothing beauty treatment you can imagine. You'll find yourself wanting to don a smart frock—go places—do things!

For the next ten days won't you indulge in this daily care... for face and bath! Then—feel your skin. Revel in its smoothness, its loveliness.



BEAUTY IN A TEST TUBE

Olive oil for the complexion! Always known to keep skin soft, supple, youthful. But can you get enough olive oil in soap? How much, actually, goes into Palmolive? Here is the exact amount that goes into every ten-cent cake of Palmolive—in this test tube at the right. To this generous olive oil content can be directly traced Palmolive's great complexion benefits. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of vegetable oils exclusively. The only one using olive oil as a base. Other ingredients are simply oils from palm trees necessary to produce a richer, creamier, more workable lather. The color is the natural green of olive and palm oils—no artificial coloring. More than 20,000 of the world's leading beauty experts have for years urged women to use Palmolive Soap in preference to all others. Heed their advice!

★ Julia Foster has interviewed over 2000 beauty experts in the past two years. She attends beauty conventions; is in and out of smart restaurants, clubs, theatres. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.



Retail
Price
10¢

!Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

The Troubles That Come With a Golden Wind



Poor Italian Wins \$1,750,000 and Wretchedness in Irish Sweepstake; Man Who Got \$235,000 Killed by Jealous Lover; American Is Entitled to \$885,000, But Is Afraid to Collect It; the Worries of the "Lucky" Dougherty Brothers of Brooklyn



It is the ceaseless endeavor of mankind "to get something for nothing," or almost nothing. But when something of considerable value comes without toil or expense, the truth of the old adage is usually emphasized, "Easy come, easy go." But the experiences of many of the great Sweepstake winners indicate that often the money which comes so easily is soon lost and also leaves behind a Pandora's box of troubles and miseries.

The winners of many of the big prizes last year and this year were envied by all the world in their sudden transition from poverty to riches. They were counted as the most fortunate of mortals, after having won hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the records of what happened to those people after their lucky strokes of fortune go to show that when money entered their homes, peace flew out of the window. This time last year, for instance, Emilio Scala was running a small cafe in Battersea, London, and like thousands of others of his compatriots he was living by hard work and strict economy, accumulating enough money to ensure that one day he would achieve his dream of going back to sunny Italy and retiring to a small country house with vines and olives growing round its doors. He was happy and contented in the present; he had his job in the future. Then with the coming of the Irish Sweepstake on the Grand National race in the Spring, it all changed.

Scala was one of a syndicate of three men—the others being Appella and Constantino—who had taken a book of tickets in the big Dublin Draw. Those tickets had been noted down in an agreement written out on a sheet of note paper as being the joint property of the three and they all signed their names to the statement that they would share.

But with each book of tickets there goes a free one, as a bonus. This was not originally entered in the agreement. Dame Fortune decreed that it should be just this extra ticket which drew "Grakle," the horse that eventually won the race. Then the number of tickets that was inserted by Appella and Constantino in the agreement. The said ticket had been done with Scala's full knowledge and consent. Scala said he had not.

So with the race run and won, and with a prize of \$1,750,000 waiting in Dublin for him to collect, Scala crossed to Ireland to find that his former friends had now become his enemies and that they had filed a suit against him claiming their share of the prize. Thus began a lawsuit that has proved the biggest ever heard in the Irish Courts, and it is not fully settled.

Judge Meredith has given his ruling in Scala's favor but he stated that every witness in the case "proved to be an unmitigated liar" and that "when it came to human greed after big money, it seemed impossible to get the truth in Court."

Mr. Selma Thompson in the Fall of last year owned and managed a yet another roadhouse at Worthing in Nottinghamshire, Eng. The Station Inn was one of those hostilities into which farm laborers and miners would drop of an evening for a glass or two of beer and a chat with the middle-aged widow who presided in the cozy bar. A typical rural English setting that saw life in a comfortable and peaceful existence.

Janet and Edward Dougherty in the Shiny New Roadster They Bought With Their \$119,000 Prize Money and (Right) Mrs. Betty Flint, Who Caused Edward Dougherty's Arrest After a Hide in One of the New Autos Bought With Lottery Winnings.

thing her friends could think about.

But it was next day that her trials grew even greater. One thousand six hundred letters came in one mail and two thousand seven hundred that day. Ten thousand letters reached her in three days and a great many of them were threatening. The writers told her that if she did not remit them a sum of money out of her winnings, she would disappear mysteriously. Others proposed a marriage and she was inundated with offers from men who assured her that they had always preferred widows to girls.

She had, her nerves completely shattered, her health impaired, Mrs. Thompson, who had told the reporters that she had no account would she change her mode of living even though she had won a fortune. It had to be said that her own protection to Liverpool, where she took a steamer for Nova Scotia. She got first night on the liner was her first night of sleep for a fortnight and she left the management of the roadhouse to her daughter while she fled from the worries that her sweepstake luck had brought her.

Baroness Papet won Ohain Won First Prize of 1,000,000 Marks (Nearly \$250,000) in the Prussian State Lottery. Although She Was Already Wealthy.

Then Mrs. Thompson took a ticket in the Manchester November Handicap Irish Sweepstake and her ticket drew "Nestorian," a horse belonging to Mrs. Edgar Wallace, wife of the famous writer of "thrillers." "Nestorian" ran third and it brought \$100,000 to the widow. But at the very moment the telephone bell in the little roadhouse rang to announce the tidings, a friend dashed in to tell her that her brother in law had been knocked down by a street car when stepping off the sidewalk and that he was lying in the local hospital with a fractured skull.

The inn was crowded with friends and customers who were cheering wildly at the news of Mrs. Thompson's win in the sweepstake. Even her for all had been announced by the hostess and the cash register was locked up for the rest of the day. In gallons of ale Mrs. Thompson's health was pledged while the widow herself lay in a state of collapse in her private parlor through the news of her brother-in-law's accident. Then she went off to the hospital and was just in time to reach the bedside before he died.

She got back to her inn distracted. Still the customers and friends kept pouring in to congratulate her, and like Punchinello she had to smile and receive their congratulations while hiding the domestic sorrow that overshadowed the good fortune that was the only

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active woman, mentally and in body. Her son had told her jokingly that he was anything in the sweepstake, "he would give her a fur coat." But to Mrs. Malden, Senior, \$70,000 was a sum that represented the riches of Croesus. She who had been accustomed to pinching and scraping to consider every quarter she spent, saw little difference between \$70,000 and \$7,000,000.

A fur coat was all right, but she wanted an automobile to wear it. And she got it when the prize came home.

Having got the automobile, she wanted to drive it herself. She did so, and one night returning home, she mistook the ankle of a turning in the road and ran into a wall and killed herself. Meanwhile, Mrs. Malden, Junior, who had up till then lived in perfect amity with her mother-in-law, had raised Cain with her husband about the old lady being given so big a share of the prize money and she berated him soundly because she considered she herself had not had her due. Malden agreed to give her half the prize.

He was himself inundated with letters from men who had got rich-quick—home and he spent all his time turning these over and trying to decide which of them he would subscribe to with a view to doubling or trebling the fortune which the Calcutta Sweepstake had brought him.

So, with her husband busily engaged on his own financial schemes, and with about \$30,000 banked in her own name, Mrs. Malden ran away to Australia, a tongue-lashed lover to Australia. Malden remained in Wellington alone, his mother having been killed, his wife having eloped, and he drank himself into a premature grave.

Clayton C. Woods was, like Robert Whitaker, a motor mechanic. Woods worked in an automobile garage in Buffalo, N. Y., and in the Spring of this year, when the Grand National was run, he won \$40,000 as the second prize in the Irish Sweepstake.

Before the money even reached him, the Overseers of the Poor of New York State entered a suit against him for the money under a statute of 1829 by which this body can demand the proceeds of any money won in a lottery. When the law suit was started against Woods, his employers sacked him. To avoid the action at law, he broke up his home in Buffalo, sold off his belongings, and fled across the frontier to Canada, where he lives in a hole and remains in an Irish hovel.

But even in Canada, Woods is not safe from the interference of people who want to get their hands on the winnings of a big sweep prize. For when he landed in November Handicap was run off last month, Mrs. Langman, formerly of Gloucester, Eng., who lives in a hole, won

\$110,000, is one of the nineteen for prizes in the Irish Sweepstake. But Mr. Langman is in for a long and difficult fight and plenty of worries before the cubs in for her money.

Mr. Christopher Meighan has filed an injunction against her as a "public nuisance" under Section 236, Sub Section 2, of the Canadian Criminal Code, which forbids anyone engaging in sweepstakes or lotteries and lays it down that the person who "informs" against the offender is entitled to the money, which is made forfeit to him.

Daniel and Edward Dougherty, Brooklyn brothers, had woman troubles in other forms after they won \$149,000 in the Canadian Army and Navy Sweepstake a couple of years ago. After Papa Dougherty and Uncle Sam had taken their shares, scarcely \$100,000 was left. The Dougherty, father and sons, moved into a larger apartment, and the boys each bought a large, shiny roadster with which to joyride their girl friends.

Danny soon added into a \$50,000 alienation of affections suit. Joseph Murray, a sailor, claimed that Dan had won away his wife, Margaret. Before this suit was tried, Edward Dougherty's roadster landed him squarely in jail. His girl friend, Betty Flint, had him arrested following a spin in the shiny new car. Edward had to dig into the sweepstake fund for \$2,000 bail to get out. But the grand jury refused to indict him and the charge was dismissed.

Still another phase of the trials and tribulations awaiting the winner of a sweepstake prize was told to the judge in the Westminster County Court, London, by Arthur Isaac Fox, when he was sued for arrears for monies owed to creditors.

Pelts told the judge, Sir Alfred Toyn, that his troubles had arisen through his having won \$2,500 in the Irish Sweepstake. He had promised a young woman to marry her and to pay her \$500 a month to live off a debt, and then his name had appeared as a winner in the Irish Sweepstake. Immediately, Pelts said, all his creditors had swooped down on him and pressed for payment in full of what he owed, although the sum he had won represented only a fraction of his total debt.

"I would have had time to pay them all," Pelts told the judge, "if only it hadn't been spread about that I had won a lot of money. This money has gone bankrupt."

To which Sir Alfred Toyn's comment was: "It is not my business to say any comment on these sweepstakes," he can say that everybody connected with a ticket in them is ruined sooner or later. Those who win are ruined sooner than those who lose.

At the moment, 19 winners of \$10,000 each in the recent Manchester November Handicap, including Mr. Long of Toronto, are trying to cope with an average of 2,000 threatening daily proposals of marriage. And among those letters are many that read as to what will happen if these winners of the big prizes do not "cough up" an appreciable sum to the writers.

No, "It ain't all honey" an appreciable sum to the writers. In a sweepstake prize.

Clayton C. Woods watching the News Ticker as It Flashes a New Hope Worth \$250,000. But He Never Collected It.

R. H. W.

Mlle. Debriege the "Fatal Woman"

Once Queen of the Petted Butterflies of the
Whose Favors Wealthy Profligates Made
Beauty of Face and Figure
and Painters, Now Forged



Mlle. Colette Willy, the French Actress, Who Declared She Was Alternately Saint and Devil. When She Fell Scently She Lived Like an Old Hermit, Sleeping on a Board, Exposed to Cold and Hunger, But When the Scently Spell Passed She Plunged Wildly into Parisian Carousals.

By Mlle. Albany Debriege
Once the Idol of the Paris Music Halls
CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

MY Wonder House in the Rue Galilee was situated between the Place des Etats-Unis and the junction of the Avenue Kleber and the Champs Elysees.

I can say truthfully that I possessed one of the most magnificent mansions in Paris. By this time I knew the value of my beauty, and I determined it should have a fitting setting. I therefore gave the great fournisseurs and art dealers carte blanche, with the result that, when completed, I took up my residence in an Enchanted Palace.

Krieger, the famous decorator, provided most of the interior fittings, and his bill alone came to 495,000 francs. Perhaps I cannot do better than transport you with me, in imagination, and make you acquainted with the luxury of a luxury woman.

Imagine, then, an entrance where the walls were paneled in carved gilt wood, and where antique Japanese embroideries and priceless cloisonne gave the requisite touches of color. The ceiling was of carved teak wood, and the bronze banisters of the great staircase, which had been cast especially for me, simulated bamboos in their exquisite and feathery lightness. Marble seats, inlaid with silver, and Persian prayer rugs completed my idea of an effective entrance to this house of treasures; the walls leading to my reception rooms were hung with rose-colored damask, and subdued lights in multi-colored mother-of-pearl shades threw a fairylike radiance on my guests.

The large salon was pure Louis XV, and the curtains which veiled the long windows were real point lace. In this room I arranged my bronzes, a replica of Falsouiere Diana and the equally well known statue of Salammbo, and here were displayed pictures by Rubens, Carous Duran, Henner and Rosa Bonheur. My dining room—also pure Louis XV—was upholstered in gold damask and lit with electric lights in lustrous shaped like crystal bunches of grapes, with emerald leaves, made for me at Murano and never duplicated. This glowing golden room led into a Winter garden and aviary, and Delle, the great florist of the Rue Bischoff, was responsible for its miniature pines, exotic plants, fountains and rockeries.

Oh, how I loved this dream garden, where tropical birds fitted like living jewels from tree to tree or dipped their plumage in the bird bath sacred to them! I had the fancy to keep up the idea of a garden by having nothing but garden seats, and I think that I was far happier here than anywhere else.

My dressing room and boudoir were Byzantine—perhaps I imagined that I was Theodora herself. At any rate, I emulated her. This room ran the entire length of the house, and the mosaic ceiling was decorated with Byzantine subjects. The seats and couches were of carved wood, and the inner shutters had once graced an Arab mosque. I also conceived the fanciful idea of placing flowers between double sheets of glass. The effect of the light streaming between these be-flowered windows was beautiful in the extreme.

Yes—my boudoir was a veritable nest of love, and on the long pink marble table was set out the gold toilet service given me by Prince Alexander of Battenberg. The floor was covered with magnificent white bear skins and the tawny beauty of tiger pelts, and old Byzantine silver lamps threw wavering shadows athwart the lovely, luxurious room, the air of which was heavy with the scent of burning perfumes and many flowers.



Breakfast Room in Mlle. Debriege's Residence, Looking Out into the Conservatory.

From my boudoir a passage hung with peach colored and green silk damask led to my bedroom, and here every allurement of art allied to beauty of thought intrigued those favored to penetrate its mysteries.

My bed, which had belonged to Madame du Barry, the all-powerful favorite of Louis XV, stood on a low platform, was decorated with lovely Boucher panels at the head and foot, and overhead from a great gilt crown hung curtains of old English point lace. Vernis Martin tables stood close to the bed, and the silver night-light holders were of the same period. A chaise-longue was covered with a superb white bear skin, and my toilet table was also one of the earliest and best examples of Vernis Martin. The antique chairs were upholstered in hand-embroidered satin, the silken flowers were half an inch in thickness, and the ceiling was covered with ivory silk damask.

But here I covered my fancy to run riot, and it had pleased me to have a peach tree overhead, apparently in full blossom. This was on the silk damask, out of which the boughs appeared to protrude, and showers of hand-made silken peach blossoms attached to invisible threads seemed always falling on me. You can imagine that the effect when the air caught the flowers and tossed them to and fro was indescribably beautiful. Ancient ikons decorated with precious stones, gifts from a Russian Grand Duke, hung on the walls. On the chimney-piece a Cloisonne enamel and gold mounted clock, a present from the former King of Spain, silently marked the joyous hours, while on either side of the long mirror were miniatures of the goddesses of the room—Albany Debriege.

Next my bedroom was a tiny sanctum, for all the world like a bonbon box, hung in ivory damask. Here was to be found my telephone, all satin wood and silver gilt, and, if a telephone could write its recollections, what stories mine could relate, what vows it has registered, what reproaches it has listened to, and what promises have been made through its medium!

In the bathroom the walls were pale blue and white porcelain, and the bath was worthy of a Debriege—at least so said the donor, Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

This bath was composed of the finest rock crystal, set on solid ivory feet and bound with a silver band four inches deep. The water flowed through the beaks of silver swans, and a sil-



Debriege's Country Home at Blois, Called "La Chauxmire."

ver shell overhead camouflaged a "shower bath."

My washing basins were white marble; everything was white, blue and silver. Even the mirrors had deep silver frames, and innumerable bath salts, perfumes, powders and soaps were arranged on silver shelves.

The entire floor above my private apartments was relegated to housing my lingerie, gowns, furs and shoes, which reposed in cupboards with sliding doors.

All my door handles, locks and fittings were gold, originally a present from an admirer, who afterwards repudiated the bill, and I found it necessary to sue him for the payment of 45,000 francs. I shall never forget the look of astonishment on the judge's face when he asked, "What the devil are the locks made of?" and heard my counsel's laconic reply—"Gold!"

Laferriere, Doucet, Boue Secours, Paquin, Viret and others saw that I was marvelously gowned and hatted—in fact, I set the fashion in sable pelisses, and mine, which was on show in Gruenwald's window for eight days, cost 120,000 francs. I revelled in expensive furs; I loved their silken softness, and the Vie Parisienne often caricatured me under the title of "Our Little Bear Takes a Walk." Furthermore, as it is the duty of every mondaine to be recognized by her special perfume, a special scent was always associated with Albany Debriege.

Yes—I loved luxury, I was intoxicated with it; nothing but the best was good enough for me. My parure of emeralds and diamonds cost 370,000 francs; my jewels, worthy of an Empress, represented an outlay of two million francs. Even my stables at 80 Rue de la Perouse (formerly those of the Duke de Morny) were

A View into the Conservatory or "Winter Garden" of Madame de la Roche.

unique. My horses cost me over 200,000 francs, and the gold handles of my whips displayed my initials "A. R. D." in diamonds. Many Parisians will, of course, remember my sensational appearance at the Grand Prix, twenty-five years ago, when my horses wore diamond-studded chin straps and their diamond rosettes flashed like rainbows in the sunshine, greatly to the satisfaction of my head coachman, Auguste la Fouquette.

Those were great days. At my lovely estate on the Loire, a modern country house which represented the last word in comfort, I gave my Summer receptions to which special trains from Paris brought me guests. At the Rue Galilee I gave my Ministerial luncheons when Casimir-Perier, Claudet and Bartoux were frequent guests and my soirees were attended by a host of pretty and clever women—Colette Willy, Cecile Sorel, Jeanne Granier, Emilienne d'Alencon, the frail and languishing Liane de Pougy, Gergette Dufoyer, Sappho, the sister of Otero, Lanthelme with her exquisite eyes and Greuze-like beauty, Loie Fuller, Marie Pery, Eugene Fougere, and poor little Lucette de Varennes, the victim of an anonymous letter.

I shall always remember this tragic death, as I was amongst those who witnessed the last scene. I recall it vividly today. Lucette, who was half French and half Tunisian, lived a more or less retired life with an insufferably jealous man. Time passed, and suddenly Lucette lapsed into a condition of deep depression from which our efforts were powerless to rouse her, but judicious inquiries elicited the fact that she had been deserted by her lover, owing to accusations against her fidelity—launched in an anonymous communication.

It was useless for her friends to convince Lucette that the world was not well lost for one unworthy man—she refused to be comforted, and we were surprised and overjoyed, when ten of her intimate friends received an invitation to lunch with her at her villa outside Paris. Lucette received us exquisitely dressed, looking more like her old self. "It is only a woman's party," she explained, as she welcomed us, and I can assure you that we did not miss the sterner sex, as we talked and gossiped to our heart's content. When dessert and coffee were served, Lucette made some excuse to leave the table, and her absence passed more or less unnoticed in the general conversation. Judge then our dismay,

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"Paris"

The Gay French Capital, for Watched Their Fortunes, Whose Attracted the Great Sculptors Gotten in Her Pitiful Poverty

when a white-faced maid rushed into the dining room, crying:

"Mesdames, Mesdames, my poor mistress has killed herself. Come at once, I implore you."

Horror-stricken and alarmed we followed the weeping servant into Lucette's bedroom, and there, lying face downward on her bed, we found her. The unhappy child had taken poison, and was now in a state of coma; it was impossible to save her life. She lingered for two hours, and then died, the victim of hopeless love and the cruelty of an unknown enemy.

As I drove back to Paris, I congratulated myself that I was as yet, heart-whole, and also that I was sensible enough to give man his right valuation. I had little opinion of men, as I looked upon the majority of them as egotists pure and simple, and I am sure that no living man loves a woman because she is a woman. Her attraction lies in her special appeal to his mentality, comfort, or senses, whichever one of the trinity happens to be most dominant in his composition.

I have mentioned the names of some of the women who were prominent in the public eye and were among my friends. It has been my experience that it is very rare for a woman to be beautiful and intellectual—nature seems reluctant to bestow both brains and beauty on the same individual.

But as I look back over these women of my acquaintance in earlier days, one stands out in contrast with most of the others—Colette Willy. Colette had an attractive face and a beautiful figure, which she displayed with great liberality, and yet she possessed unusual literary and artistic powers.

She has written a great number of clever novels and plays. Among the most successful of her plays was "The Yagabonds," in four acts. For some years she has been the wife of Henri de Jouvenel, the well-known author.

Two years ago Colette, who was growing middle-aged, returned to the Parisian stage under rather interesting circumstances. The theatre-going public was surprised to see her come back free from wrinkles and a double chin. She explained that she had been undergoing a treatment known as "interiorization," worked out by Dr. Helan Jaworsky, a distinguished physician. The treatment brought about the elimination of fatigue poisons in the blood, and, in short, made a person young again, she asserted.

Colette Willy used to dance at the old Variety Theatre in Paris. Her most successful dances were the Oriental kind, in which she was a pioneer. She had studied the customs of the ancient Oriental races and performed their dances clothed as scantily as when they were danced thousands of years ago in the valleys of the Ganges and the Nile.

She once said that she was alternately devil, saint and sage. When she felt saintly, she lived like an old hermit, sleeping on a hard wooden pillow, subjecting herself to cold and hunger and feeding on bread and water. During these periods she would not speak and refused to see her friends and admirers. When the saintly spell was over she plunged wildly into Parisian gayeties.

One of Mme. Colette's cleverest plays was a caricature of Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler," but instead of dealing with poultry it dealt with cats on the back fence. The actors and actresses were costumed to represent cats, and all their conversation was interrupted with meows and purrings and feline cries. There was a fight between two lions on the back fence, and before the fight began the actors howled and yowled exactly as cats do.

Colette's most admired pose was the one in which she was photographed stretched on the skin of a lion, her own white skin and bare, graceful limbs making a striking contrast with the ferocious beast.

Some very strange and colorful adventures befell me during my residence in the Rue Gahlee, notably my attempted abduction by an Austrian Archduke, closely related to the Imperial Family, although I cannot truthfully say that I disliked his attentions. As a friend he was charming, but I could not visualize him as a lover. However, I saw a great deal of him, and one evening after he had dined at the Hotel Chatham, he asked me to drive with him to see a friend off to Galicia by special train.

Unfortunately for myself, I consented. The train was ready to start, but my "friend" was forthcoming, and under the pretext of asking me to look at the sleeping car, the Archduke persuaded me to get into the train. Hardly had I done so, than I realized I was trapped, and that the expected "friend" was none other than Albany Debieze.

I demanded an explanation.

"It's very simple," the Archduke said. "I've

abducted you. All's fair in love and war, and we are en route for one of my castles, where perhaps I may persuade you to love me. It is a lonely spot—absolutely made for an unofficial honeymoon."

I stormed and raged to no avail. The charming Hapsburg was firm, and although he was courteous itself during the interminable journey, the utmost concession I could obtain was permission to send some telegrams at the first stopping place en route. The next afternoon, tired, disheveled and furious, I arrived at a wayside station, deep in the pine woods. The first stage of my journey was over.

A carriage drawn by four Hungarian horses awaited us. The Archduke lifted me inside, wrapped me in warm rugs, and we drove at break-neck speed through gloomy forests, across primitive bridges which spanned swift rushing mountain streams, ever onward and upward, and I realized that the castle must be one of those inaccessible strongholds which are delightful in books, but complete failures as residences.

The driver cracked his whip; overhanging boughs scraped the top of the carriage, and we jolted over obstacles which would have wrecked any ordinary conveyance. shafts of light occasionally pierced the serried rows of pines; it was very cold, and still we rushed through the desolate forests. At last, with a nerve-shaking swirl which nearly overturned the carriage, we were borne up a steep incline, over a formidable drawbridge, and into the courtyard of an equally formidable stronghold.

By this time, I was incapable of speech. The Archduke, who was quite unconcerned, promptly handed me over to the care of an old woman, who led the way through draughty passages to a low vaulted room, reminiscent of the good old days of "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death." An enormous fire was blazing on the wide hearth; I seated myself before it, and endeavored to instill some warmth into my chilled fingers, and then I took stock of my surroundings. The great chamber had been thoughtfully situated in a turret overhanging a sheer precipice. I surmised that the castle must be almost on the summit of a mountain, since mist-wreaths of clouds continually drifted to and fro in front of my window. My bed was a funeral construction of black oak, embellished with dragons, devils, and other preventives of slumber, and on it were set forth a varied collection of gowns which had probably belonged to dead and gone chateaux. Although I was still very angry and tired, I could not help admiring the exquisite brocades, and tarnished tissues of which they were composed.

The old retainer pointed out a recess in the stone-work of the outer wall, which contained a zinc bath and a bucket of boiling water. A pile of heraldic-embroidered towels lay beside it and from lead preparations I was led to suppose that bathrooms were unknown in castles of the Hapsburgs.

Left to myself, I bathed by piece work, rearranged my hair, and woman-like, chose the most grave and best fitting of the old gowns. My choice was amply vindicated, as the mirror presently reflected a most attractive lady of the Seventeenth Century in flowing draperies of silver and faded blues, which blended admirably



"I opened the porte cochere with my private key, and, telling my friend to give the coachman his orders for the next day, I went up the steps which led to the inner entrance. All was in darkness, but I was conscious of some tangible and brooding menace which threatened me."

"Then, just as I had my fingers on the electric switch, I felt someone come silently behind me. The darkness was divided with a flash of something thrown at me, which encircled my throat. I was drawn backward. The something round my throat was like a hangman's noose. I tried to speak—to shriek—I was helpless."

with her pale complexion and Titian-gold hair.

Night was now falling, and to my unspeakable relief, my "maid" re-appeared bearing a candle, and invited me to follow her, as the "master" desired my presence at dinner. Once again we traversed the long passages, and I was ushered into the dining hall of the castle, a magnificent room hung with ancient tapestries and trophies of the chase. Here, the Archduke awaited me, and after complimenting me on my toilette, we sat down to a really excellent dinner, waited on by a servant of venerable appearance.

I spent three days in the Clouds, and at the end of that time, the Archduke, finding there was not any possibility of an unofficial honeymoon, took me back to Paris. "And I'll never, never forgive you," I said crossly, when I was at last deposited safe and sound in the Rue Gahlee.

I was not displeased with this adventure, it savored of the romantic, and my Archduke was in some ways the caveman, dear to the hearts of women all the world over. Everyone gossiped about my adventure, and my dearest friends drew the worst conclusions. However, I paid no heed, as, after all, the moment any person ceases to be talked about, he or she becomes a nonentity. Self-advertisement is one of the motive forces of life.

But, to return to my Archduke. That man did not know the meaning of the word failure, and he sent me a deluge of presents. One day I was the recipient of sables and chinchilla worthy of an Empress of Russia, the next I was entranced by a superb rope of perfectly matched pearls; then a dozen new diamond rings begged me to wear them, and so on, until at last, touched by devotion, I consented to forgive His Imperial Highness. "But, remember, no more forcible abductions," I said laughing.

"Ah, Albany, don't remind me how impossible it is for you to love me," he sighed. "However, I am willing to admit I was to blame. Will you dine with me at Armenonville next week? I'll arrange the guests to please you, and the only

favor I ask, is that you will wear a pair of stockings which I am going to send you."

These requests seemed so harmless, that I said "yes" to both, and within forty-eight hours I received a pair of black silk stockings.

But what stockings! Even I, accustomed to luxury, opened my eyes when I beheld them. Imagine a web of the finest black silk, and fronts, which from toe to thigh (for they were long stockings) were composed of real Chantilly lace studded with diamonds. The effect was wonderful, and I am stating nothing but the truth when I tell you that these stockings supplied by La Pennee, Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, cost close to \$5,000.

I arrived at the Pavilion of Armenonville, dressed to perfection in a gown of black lace. The corsage was chiefly left to the imagination, and what there was of it entirely depended upon the support of diamond shoulder straps. I wore my wonderful ropes of pearls, and a diamond rose with emerald leaves glittered in my hair.

Soon after coffee had been served the Imperial host stood up, and, bowing to me, thus addressed the guests:

"My friends," said he, "of course you have heard that, driven mad with hopeless infatuation, I attempted to abduct the lovely disturber of my peace. But, Venus was adamant, and I frankly admit my defeat. My conduct seems useless, but who would not wish to walk through life in company with the most beautiful legs in Paris—judge for yourselves, and then crane me extending circumstances."

And, before I had time to expostulate, my admirer lifted me on to the flower-strewn table, and then, without more ado, he raised my lace skirts and displayed my silken and be-diamonded legs to the assembled company.

A shout of admiration and amusement followed, and the Archduke, taking off one of my little black satin slippers, called for a bottle of the best champagne.

"I drink to your happiness, Albany," said he.

Continued on Page 21

Now— a double purpose **DRY FLAKE**



One Package—One Cost

Here is news—real news for thrifty housewives. No longer need you buy two separate kinds of soap for your clothes and dishes. For Quick Arrow, the dry flake, does double duty. When you have dishes to wash, just sift these pure white flakes through your fingers. Instantly—yes, in less than a second—you've a fine, free powder. And the moment that powder touches the water, it makes suds a'plenty. Rich, cleansing, long-lasting suds. Quick Arrow Soap Flakes are the speediest, the most effective dish washing aid you can use.

And—Quick Arrow Soap Flakes, just as they come out of the box,

are ready for duty as suds for clothes. Simply shake a small quantity into the washtub. They dissolve quickly. In fact, you can actually see those dry, white flakes spring into sparkling suds a'plenty. And quickly they'll loosen the dirt from white or colored clothes; from woolens, silks or laces.

Remember—one package—one type of soap flakes. But they're instantly adaptable for the dishpan, the washtub, or the scrubbing bucket. If ever there was an economy soap—it is Quick Arrow Soap Flakes. Swift & Company.

TUNE in daily, except Sunday, 12:15 p.m. E.S.T. for Pat Barnes, "the man of a hundred voices," on stations—WJZ, WBZ, W8ZA, WBAL, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WENR, WTMJ, KSTP and WIBC. You will enjoy the inimitable program and you will be interested in the premium offer in exchange for a Sunbrite label and a Quick Arrow top. Or, you may get the premium by using the coupon.



Swift & Company, Chicago, Illinois

Dist. C. A. A.

Enclosed find a Sunbrite label and a Quick Arrow top. Please send me the 13-inch, double plated cooking fork, with ivory finish, no-chip handle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 14)

CHAPTER XIII.

What the business was which

It had begun to rain — a nasty, penetrating drizzle—so I put on my rain coat and strolled out along the cliffs. I wanted to think, but when I returned my brain was in as much of a mud die as ever. I had hoped for some word from Richard, but no telephone message from him had

when buying it wrapped maline Kotex. Buy it at any drug store. Or singly in vending Disinfecting Co.

Nothing is overlooked. In every sense. It stays side with equal safety. Is highly absorbent, of course cotton. And disposable. Safety and protection. And

when buying it wrapped make sure that you get *genuine* Kotex. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Or singly in vending cabinets, through West Disinfecting Co.

Price is now 35c

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

ard
thanks to Ipana!

GET
IPANA TOOTH
PASTE

You bet I took his tip! Clean my teeth with Ipana. And every time, put a little bit more Ipana on my brush and rub it right into my gums. Don't rinse it off. My teeth sparkle—and my gums are so firm that I never see a sign of "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

GEORGE GROUCH



AN ADVERTISEMENT
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION



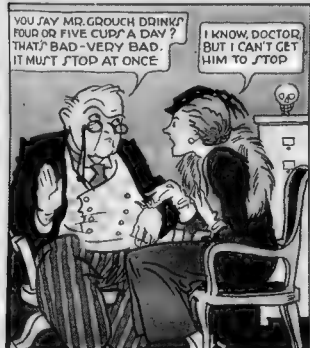
WHAT? DINNER NOT READY!
WHAT IS THIS—FOODLESS FRIDAY?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL
YOU THAT I WANT MY
MEALS ON TIME.

BUT, GEORGE, YOU'RE
TEN MINUTES EARLY.



GEORGE, YOUR NERVES ARE IN
TERRIBLE SHAPE! YOU ROAR LIKE A
WOUNDED LION. IF YOU DON'T GO TO
A DOCTOR, I'VE A GOOD NOTION TO
GO TO RENO.

GO AHEAD! SEE,
IF I CARE, BUT I WON'T
GO TO A DOCTOR. DO
YOU HEAR ME,
MADAM?
I WON'T GO
TO A DOCTOR.



YOU SAY MR. GROUCH DRINKS
FOUR OR FIVE CUPS A DAY?
THAT'S BAD—VERY BAD.
IT MUST STOP AT ONCE.

I KNOW, DOCTOR,
BUT I CAN'T GET
HIM TO STOP.



CERTAINLY YOU CAN GET HIM TO GIVE IT UP.
TAKE HIM OFF TO THE WOODS. TAKE HIM
WHERE HE CAN'T GET IT.

THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA
DOCTOR! I'LL MAKE HIM GO
IF I HAVE TO LEAD HIM BY
THE NOSE.



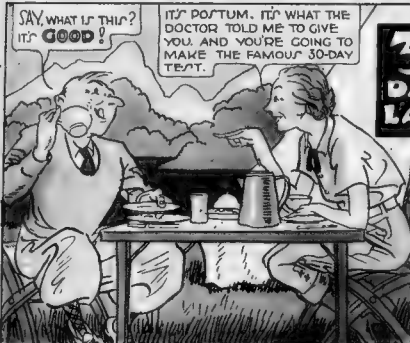
I HOPE YOU ARE SATISFIED! LOOK AT THIS
PLACE! NOTHING BUT MOUNTAINS, LAKES,
AND BUGS!

STOP FUSING AND GET
SOME MORE FIREWOOD.
DINNER WILL BE READY
IN A MINUTE.



HERE—WHAT? THIS?
DON'T PULL ANY
MONKEYS! HINE!
ON ME I WANT
MY REGULAR
DRINK!

ALL RIGHT, DANIEL BOONE.
IF YOU WANT
IT, PADDLE
TEN MILES
AND GET IT.



SAY, WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S GOOD!

IT'S POSTUM. IT'S WHAT THE
DOCTOR TOLD ME TO GIVE
YOU. AND YOU'RE GOING TO
MAKE THE FAMOUS 30-DAY
TEST.

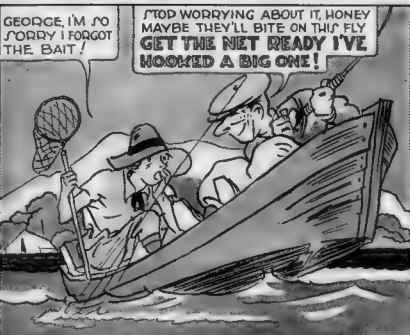


30
DAYS
LATER



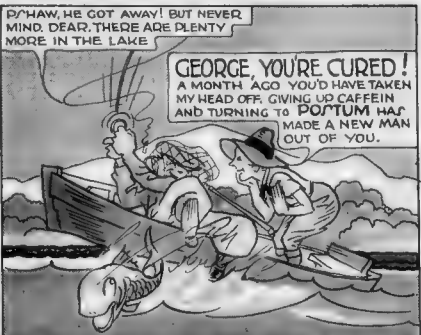
GEORGE, WAKE UP!
A MOOSE JUST KNOCKED
DOWN THE TENT!

A MOOSE? NEVER
HEARD IT! WHY—
I HAVEN'T SLEPT AT
FOUNTAIN AT THIS POINT
MONTHS!



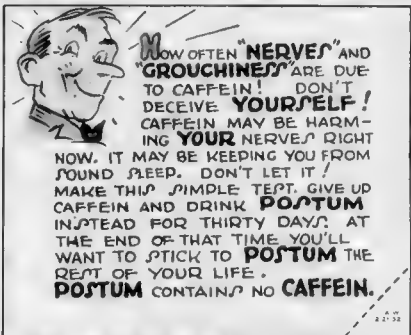
GEORGE, I'M SO
SORRY I FORGOT
THE BAIT!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT IT, HONEY.
MAYBE THEY'LL BITE ON THIS! FLY
GET THE NET READY I'VE
HOOKED A BIG ONE!



OHAW, HE GOT AWAY! BUT NEVER
MIND, DEAR, THERE ARE PLENTY
MORE IN THE LAKE.

GEORGE, YOU'RE CURED!
A MONTH AGO YOU'D HAVE TAKEN
MY HEAD OFF, GIVING UP CAFFEIN
AND TURNING TO POSTUM. HAS
MADE A NEW MAN
OUT OF YOU.



HOW OFTEN "NERVES" AND
"GROUCHINESS" ARE DUE
TO CAFFEIN! DON'T
DECEIVE YOURSELF!
CAFFEIN MAY BE HARM-
ING YOUR NERVES RIGHT
NOW. IT MAY BE KEEPING YOU FROM
SOUND SLEEP. DON'T LET IT!
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST. GIVE UP
CAFFEIN AND DRINK POSTUM
INSTEAD FOR THIRTY DAYS.
AT THE END OF THAT TIME YOU'LL
WANT TO STICK TO POSTUM THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE.
POSTUM CONTAINS NO CAFFEIN.

FIDO GETS A SURPRISE — BOBBY GETS A TREAT



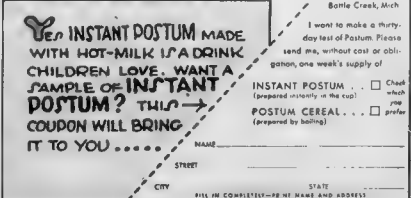
WHAT ON EARTH
IS SHE DOING TO
THAT MILK BOBBY
FUSSES SO MUCH ABOUT
DRINKING



SHE'S HEATED IT—SHE'S PUTTING
A TEASPOONFUL OF GOLDEN
BROWN POWDER
INTO A CUP—
SHE'S FILLING
THE CUP WITH
MILK—SHE'S
STIRRING IT.
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS!



AND DOES HE
LIKE IT? HE'S
DOWNED THAT
CUP ALREADY!
MY STARS—HE'S
YELLING FOR
MORE! HOPE
HE SPILLS THIS
NEXT CUP SO
I CAN GET
AT IT.



Yes INSTANT POSTUM MADE
WITH HOT-MILK IS A DRINK
CHILDREN LOVE. WANT A
SAMPLE OF INSTANT
POSTUM? THIS →
COUPON WILL BRING
IT TO YOU

I want to make a thirty-
day test of Postum. Please
send me, without cost or obli-
gation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ Check
(prepared correctly in the cup) ☐ Check
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ prefer
(prepared by boiling) ☐ prefer

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

MAIL IN COMPLETE—NO NE NAME AND ADDRESS

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FOODS,
Bartle Creek, Mich.

(Continued on Page 21)

Mlle. Debrige, the "Fatal Woman" of Paris

(Continued from Double Page)

and filling my slipper with champagne, he pledged me to this dramatic and unusual way. Of course, I forgave him then and there, and I had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that I was at that moment, and in this manner, the envy of all the women acquaintances, who would have given their ears to have been subjected by the nephew of an Emperor, and afterward teased at Armenoville.

As he was supposed, my jewels and wealth did not pass unnoticed by the thieves, who are always alert for plunder. Until now I had not been the victim of their attention. But I was not destined to escape, as you shall presently hear.

It was my inevitable rule never to allow a male servant to sleep in my house. At that time my establishment consisted of a chef, a butler, a footman and four female servants. The latter, of course, slept in the house, and one day, when urgent business would not permit my leaving from Cannes, I found that the maids were away, and that I should be obliged to sleep in the house alone. This, however, did not disturb me, for I was the meaning of the word fear, but what actually disturbed me was my previous testimony to them.

I had previously testified to them on my friends, asking them to dine and go to the theatre with me. I was naturally obliged to require much persuasion to induce him to "unhook" me afterward. I was, however, who was at ease, I prepared to enjoy a tete-a-tete dinner. You can guess my feelings, however, when he told me that, owing to the illness of his mother, he had to forego the pleasure of returning with me in

the capacity of lady's maid for one night only.

"Oh!" I cried. "Look at my gown, and tell me how, on all the earth, I am to get out of it without a friendly hand." At this moment a silly valet made it self heard at my elbow.

With the greatest possible deference, said the valet, the voice (who was none other than my butler), "might I offer my services to Madame?"

As a butler, Pierre was the last word in perfection, but, faithful to my principles, I declined to depart from my rule. I refused, adding, "I don't wish you to wait up for me. When you have seen that everything is safe, go home as usual. I am perfectly able to manage for myself."

It was really distressing at my maid-less condition, but a bright brain was seized him. "Look here, Albany," said he, "I'll take your carriage and drive to my mother's from the theatre. If she is no worse, and the night-port looks favorable, I'll return with you, and I'll promise you that you shall have your pretty gown unhooked most carefully."

Fortunately, L's mother had rallied during the day, and after supper together at Pallais's, we drove to the Rue Gaitie. It was a cold winter's night, and snow had fallen, wrapping the street in a white mantle. It was well after midnight, and I must admit that I was not sorry that I should not be obliged to stay in my house alone.

I opened the porte-cochere with my private key, and, telling it to give the coachman his orders for the next day, I went up the steps which led to the inner entrance. All was in darkness, but was conscious of some intangible and brooding menace which threatened me. Never had blackness seemed more sinister or inky.

The Spanish Lady

(Continued from Page 30)

was surprised to find Richard and my stepfather engaged in a violent altercation in the hall. I knew from Richard's telephone message that he had dashed off to London to see Mr. Cobb, and, naturally, concluded the two had met. It did not occur to me then how significant his words were.

But when a little later Mr. Cobb was found unconscious in the garden, with five great wounds across his chest, and was hurried to the house to die there soon after without having regained consciousness, I began to think of them very seriously. I wanted to question Richard, to ask him just what he had meant, but I could find no opportunity. The sudden death of Mr. Cobb left as all too upset.

It was a lucky thing that Dr. Walpole had come to the village, for, while he could do nothing for Mr. Cobb, my mother was on the verge of hysterics and it took both his efforts and mine to quiet her. And then, of course, almost at once the police arrived. They held no formal inquiry; that took place at the house, inquest the next day, and they asked a great many questions, and then went out in the garden, to the place where Mr. Cobb had been found. Richard went with them, and Mr. Hawley and Purvis and Dr. Walpole, leaving me to wait for Sylvia. I had no opportunity to speak to Richard alone. I had already told the two constables what little I knew about the matter—the voices, the shot I had heard, my finding Richard and Mr. Hawley in the main hall when I came downstairs. But I did not mention what I had heard Richard say, nor that, peculiarly enough, I had noticed mud on Mr. Hawley's shoes, as well as Richard's, although Mr. Hawley's clothes, unlike Richard's were dry. I have spoken before of the heavy rain that evening and this mud which I had also noticed on Purvis's shoes, when he came with the lantern, made it quite clear, to me at least, that all three men had been in the garden, before the body of Mr. Cobb was found. I say this because there was no way in which a person coming in or out of New Manor by the front entrance could get mud on his feet; the walks and driveways were all of carefully kept gravel, and the garden was so early that evening, I could not imagine why Richard should have been there. The feet of the two constables, after their investigation, were muddy, and I heard them apologizing to Mr. Hawley for tracking it into the house. There had been a struggle of some sort in the garden; the rain-soaked turf had been turned up by it, as well as by the feet of Mr. Hawley and the others when they went out to find the body. The mud on their shoes meant nothing, now. But in the case of three of them I knew that it had been there before Mr. Cobb's body was discovered.

Richard went back to the village with Dr. Walpole and the police, as soon as the latter had

concluded their investigations, and when Sylvia finally reported to the sedatives Dr. Walpole

(Continued on Page 32)

never before had my beautiful shoes touched the carpet. The very air seemed full of baleful whisperings. Then, just as I was my finger on the electric switch I felt someone else's hand behind me. The darkness was divided with a flash of something thrown at me, which encircled my throat.

The darkness was divided with a flash of something thrown at me, which encircled my throat.

Then, all at once, the outer doors clanged behind L., whose quick feet resounded through the courtyard. In an instant a dinner napkin fell from my neck to the ground, and I turned, white-faced, to confront the butler.

At this tense moment L. entered. Pierre immediately turned to him. "Ah, Monsieur," he cried. "I fear I have given Madame a terrible fright. I noticed a large spider on her neck and, in trying to knock it off, I almost garroted her." And, as he spoke, he had death in his eyes.

"Yes, that's so," I said. "It is quite all right. But there was no occasion to wait for me—please go home as usual. I am sure you meant well, but I don't like to have my orders disobeyed."

Pierre looked at me strangely, and presently we heard his receding footsteps. Once again the gates closed noisily. L. and I were alone. For some moments we sat motionless as statues, then L., who had already sensed that something unpleasant had occurred, asked me to enlighten him.

I told him in a whisper. "It's an arranged plot to kill me," I breathed. "I feel sure that there is someone in hiding upstairs. What shall we do?"

"The best thing is to telephone to the Commissaire of Police, and ask him to send two policemen at once. The house must be searched from top to bottom," answered L., who realized that my fears were well founded.

In due time the police arrived, and began their investigation. I was not mistaken. In the little corridor leading to my bedroom

we saw traces of muddy feet on the light carpet. The large cupboard containing my negligees was open, and when we entered my bedroom, an open window, a breath of ice cold air, and a line of footprints in the snowy garden showed us how the intruder had made good his escape.

From the little Gallie the police proceeded to the house where my butler occupied a room, and hearing that he had returned, they gave orders to the concierge not to allow anyone to leave the building until the next morning, when, as soon as it was light they arrested the would-be murderer.

Further investigation proved that I had entertained a criminal unwares. In various boxes were found many of my valuables, quantities of linen, silver and articles for the "melting pot," and out of a double-locked trunk the detectives took possession of two large butcher's knives, some formidable knuckle-dusters and an outfit of skeleton keys.

A few revolvers made up the sum total of this armory, and when the police escorted Pierre to the Prefecture, he was welcomed as an old criminal who was very much wanted there.

But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this "close-up" gave me occasion for thought—thought which resolved itself into a determination to explore the underworld of Paris.

At this time I was just about to add the song of "Ma Tete" to my repertoire, a chanson first sung by Yvette Guilbert, but which I wished to be stamped entirely with my own individuality.

Of course, it may be surmised that I was not alone in my exploration of the underworld, and one evening, after midnight, a little work girl left my house and made her way to a rendezvous, where five plain clothes policemen, awaited her. Our way (for the little "work girl" was Albany Debrige) led

us to the subterranean cellars underneath the Halles, where the thieves, murderers and black sheep of Paris lead their night life, and where only certain privileged persons dare penetrate.

It seemed incredible, accustomed as I was to the luxurious life of existence, that human beings could breathe such a stench, in such an environment, and at first I shrank back when the police motioned me to descend a black flight of stone steps, which, to my over-excited imagination, seemed like the entrance to a lazar.

Electric light was unknown in these burrows, and here and there an oil lamp flickered or flared. Occasionally I stepped on a horrible refuse, and felt water dripping from the mould-green arches overhead. At last I found myself in an immense room, heaped with smoke of lamps and tobacco, and heavy with the combined odors of humanity, drink and garlic. Men and women were sitting or lying about, some playing cards, others drinking. Here a knot of two or three certain sinister individuals sat apart, plunged in meditation—one dared not guess the nature of their thoughts.

Occasionally further full-beamed girls would slip money into the hands of the expectant bullies before setting out to sell themselves anew. So, they were pretty, as a rule, these creatures, disheveled from the last drunken embrace of the lover of an hour. They were wholly degraded, and yet some spasm of the divine madness shone in their eyes when they gave their tainted earnings to the rat-faced men whom they adored.

What a gulf separated them from me! And yet we were all women, born of one universal mother, made in one likeness. But, whereas, in my case, men worshipped my delicate and refined perfection as at a shrine, these women felt before them as when forehead was set the mark of the beast. Love, for me, had to be a thing of beauty, and was only permissible under showers of performed awaying peach blossoms. These women knew nothing better than the smelly close-ness of indescribable dens. And I remembered that I had once read how a famous Englishman said when he saw a condemned murderer: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley." But for the grace of God one of these girls might have been Albany Debrige.

As we walked through the cellar a young man seized hold of the police motioned me to descend a black flight of stone steps, which, to my over-excited imagination, seemed like the entrance to a lazar.

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Ceresota THE UNBLEACHED

The Spanish Lady By Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 21)

had given her I returned to my room. But not to sleep. That was out of the question. For I alone, realized exactly what all this meant. I had heard Richard's angry words about Mr. Cobb, which naturally threw suspicion on him. I had been a witness to my stepfather's vicious attack on the agent, and knew very well how he felt toward him, on account of the purchase of the property. And that very evening I had heard Purvis make threats against Mr. Cobb which seemed to bring the matter, as well, under suspicion. The whole affair seemed rather dreadful, no matter how I looked at it; I

This Way to Happiness By Mavis Grey

(Continued from Page 19)

this was. But, subconsciously, he knew it was Janice's love. As though, in some queer way, just a new place could bring him this! But, in time, the pace told on him. It weakened his condition, leaving him a prey to a bad attack of malaria. This, in its turn, brought on an old back complaint of his. Lance was bedridden. Likely to be bedridden for weeks. And, of all places on earth to select for it, Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo in Spring! Janice knew she had never seen anything so entrancing in her life. She'd hang for hours over their balcony railing, staring down on it all. Occasionally she'd turn her wind-shaken head and call to Lance, "I'm drinking in years of sunshine and color! It's like being born again!" Lance would grunt something. It must be admitted he wasn't a particularly gracious invalid. The very fact he was an invalid kept him on tenterhooks of fury. The awful indignity of it. To be bedridden from that darn old complaint of his on his honeymoon trip! Just when he had been feeling so young and boyish, too. When the goal he was aiming at had almost been reached. At least, that's what he kept telling himself as he lay in bed. It comforted him to believe it.

They had a front suite at the Hotel de Paris. The Hotel de Paris was the last word in luxury hotels. Their suite was exquisitely furnished; cheerful rooms, drenched in the morning with gay golden sunlight. The food was excellent, the service perfect. Janice the most sympathetic and solicitous little nurse. But, degrees, her very solicitude began to get on Lance's nerves. He was used to lying all day in a sunbaked hut, with only a native to see to his wants. Besides, in a vague, resentful way he was ashamed of, he felt himself as he lay in bed. It comforted him to believe it. He was going to be a score. Not much for the score. Not much for the score. Not much for the score.

wondered if I had been right in keeping what I knew from the police. My hope was that the truth would come out at the coroner's inquest, without my being obliged to speak at all, but in this I was disappointed.

The inquest was held at eleven o'clock the next morning in the main hall at Yew Manor, before quite a crowd of sensation-seekers from the village.

The coroner, a small and somewhat crumpled old gentleman named Wingate, first called one of the policemen to the stand. He described his arrival at the house, his visit to the garden, the churned-up condition of the turf near the spot where Mr. Cobb's body had been found, the pistol which had been discovered lying near the gate in the sea-

her in the garden, watching the fashion parade. No one, either, to take her into the world famous Casino, above which each night a myriad of diamond bright lights winked like wicked challenging eyes, luring you in.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

wall, with only two of its cart-ridges discharged, and which accounted in no way for the five round wounds in Mr. Cobb's chest, the failure of himself and his companion to find any weapon capable of causing such wounds, and the lack of evidence of robbery as a motive, as shown by the fact that Mr. Cobb's money, his watch had not been disturbed. He did not know, as I did, of the notes given by my stepfather in payment of the balance due on Yew Manor—notes which I was sure had been in Mr. Cobb's pocket earlier in the evening, but which had now vanished completely.

Mr. Walpole's story threw no additional light on the mystery. He told of hearing voices, a shot, while talking with Mrs. Hawley in her sitting room upstairs. He had come over from the village to see her, he explained, at Mr. Hawley's request, and finding his patient in a highly nervous condition, had sat with her for over an hour, discussing her case, while Mr. H. they was in his study, downstairs. He and Mrs. Hawley went on to say, had come down on hearing the shot, to find Mr. Hawley, Sir Evelyn and myself in the front hall. As soon as Purvis arrived with the lantern, they all went out to the

garden, found Mr. Cobb there, brought him into the house. The injured man, he said, had lost a great deal of blood; he had telephoned to the village for a microscope and other necessary appliances in order to make a blood transfusion, but soon after they had arrived Mr. Cobb was dead. As for the nature of the five wounds in Mr. Cobb's body, he could not so much as venture a guess, but he was inclined to think they had all been made at the same time, because they were evenly spaced in a straight line across the chest. Made at one blow, he meant, by a single instrument. No five wounds, separately made, would have been so regular in their arrangement. He mentioned a five-bladed garden fork, for example, but pointed out that the wounds in Mr. Cobb's body were round, not flat, and the extreme width of the row, from one end to the other, was eighteen inches—far greater than the width of any garden fork or similar implement he had ever seen. The weapon, whatever it was, had been quite sharp, as the holes in Mr. Cobb's clothing showed. This completed Dr. Walpole's examination.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Herpicide

His socks were always full of holes
La Cross Nippers cut toe-nails clean and even, leaving no ragged edges to tear socks. Efficient for toe-nails—fine for finger-nails too! On sale at drug and department stores, \$1, \$1.25 and \$2.25. Made of high-grade steel. Guaranteed. Get yourself a pair today! SCHNEFF BROTHERS, Inc. New York, New Jersey
La Cross NIPPERS
Nail File Clippers (La Cross Nippers No. 1016, \$1.25)

Is 29 an age to DREAD?

Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! "I'm 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don't dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it's possible for a woman to grow even more charming as the years

go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!" "I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. But a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!" How, you wonder, do these beautiful stars keep their skin so youthfully

lovely! "Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart. "For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use this fragrant white soap. Surely you will want to try it!

"I am 29.." **"I am 29.."**
Esther Ralston **Anita Stewart**



ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"

Photograph by Melbourne Court, 1928

et Soap—10¢



GLASS

Danger glass is a constant peril to you and those who ride with you. It shatters when it breaks—jagged pieces fly like arrows in all directions. Danger glass may scar, blind, sever arteries—or worse!



GLASS

Safety Plate Glass may crack or break but it does not shatter and fly. The split pieces harmlessly adhere to a center layer of ever transparent plastic. Safety Plate Glass protects you and those who ride with you!

The Triumphant New STUDEBAKERS

give you
SAFETY GLASS
at no extra charge

in all windshields, in all windows, in all models

*Why wait for other cars
to follow Studebaker?*

What is your family's *safety* worth to you?

STRIKING straight at the source of 45% of the injuries sustained in motor car accidents, Studebaker, world's oldest vehicle manufacturer, now provides Safety Plate Glass in all windows and all windshields of all models at no extra charge.

This final step in safety is the kind of move the public has learned to expect of the Pioneer of Free Wheeling. Whether you pay as little as \$840 for a Triumphant New Studebaker Six, or choose a new Dictator, Commander or President Eight, Studebaker frees you from the fear and danger of broken flying glass by giving you shatter-proof Safety Plate Glass in all windows and all windshields of all models.

This super-strength, full-sealed, clear-vision, 1932-type Safety Plate Glass, although costly, comes to you in Studebakers that are bigger and better cars in every particular—Studebakers that are drastically lower in price—Triumphant New Studebakers that include not only Safety Plate Glass but a total of 32 startling betterments as standard equipment.

Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not protection enough. All danger from breaking glass must go. All cars must eventually come to Safety Glass all around. Why peril yourself and your loved ones with danger glass? Why put your money into any new car that isn't as safe to ride in as a Triumphant New Studebaker?

DRASTICALLY LOWER PRICES			
	NEW PRICES	REDUCED PRICES	
PRESIDENT EIGHT 135 inch wheelbase—122 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—automatic side control—full bearing spring shocks.			
Coupe, for four*	\$1690	\$1600	New
St. Regis Brougham, for five*	1690	1600	New
Sedan, for five*	1690	1600	160
Convertible Roadster, for four*	1690	1110	New
Convertible Sedan, for five*	1820	1110	New
Sedan, for seven*	1790	360	
Limousine, for seven*	1890	560	
COMMANDER EIGHT 125 inch wheelbase—101 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—automatic side control—full bearing spring shocks.			
Coupe, for four*	\$1350	\$235	
St. Regis Brougham, for five*	1350	235	New
Sedan, for five*	1350	235	New
Convertible Roadster, for four*	1350	235	New
Convertible Sedan, for five*	1465	235	New
DICTATOR EIGHT 117 inch wheelbase—81 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—full colored floor.			
Coupe, for two*	\$ 980	\$115	
Coupe, for four*	1030	120	
St. Regis Brougham, for five*	1030	120	New
Sedan, for five*	1030	120	New
Convertible Roadster, for four*	1030	120	New
Convertible Sedan, for five*	1095	120	New
STUDEBAKER SIX 117 inch wheelbase—instead of former 114 inch, 80 horsepower—instead of former 75 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—automatic side control—full colored floor—51.50 greater value than previous models.			
Coupe, for two*	\$ 840	\$ 55	
Coupe, for four*	890	5	
St. Regis Brougham, for five*	890	5	New
Sedan, for five*	890	5	New
Convertible Roadster, for four*	890	5	New
Convertible Sedan, for five*	955	5	New
Safety glass, automatic starting and metal spring covers standard equipment on all models at no extra cost. *Wired for radio. †Trunk standard equipment. All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.			